February 1, 2025

The White Lighting Warehouse

In the heart of Tennessee, where the mountains rise,

Stands a warehouse, a beacon beneath the skies.

White Lightning, they call it, a name so bold,

A place where stories of old are told.

Barrels line the walls, aged with care,

Each one a testament to the craft they bear.

The scent of oak and spirit fills the air,

A symphony of flavors, rich and rare.

By day, the sun casts a golden hue,

By night, the moonlight whispers through.

In this haven of tradition, time stands still,

A sanctuary of skill and will.